

while the men on the reserve lines bathe daily. Each soldier has a first-aid package in his kit, with printed instructions on how to use it; and he has precise instructions as to what he is to do if he is wounded. A short distance back from the trenches are certain stations known as "places of refuge." The wounded soldier's only responsibility is to get himself to one of these stations; after that the surgical department takes him in charge.

If the soldier receives his wound in the trenches, his problem is an easy one. Another communicating trench leads from the main line to the "place of refuge." The slightly wounded soldier crawls to the indicated spot, while the more seriously injured man is carried there by his comrades.

Work of Red Cross Dogs

THE problem of the rescue of soldiers wounded outside of the trenches is more difficult. This has developed one of the most beautiful features of this war, the so-called Red Cross dogs. At the first opportunity after a battle one of these splendid brutes springs from the trench, carrying in its mouth a long rope. It makes its way to a prostrate man and quickly adjusts the noose of the rope around his shoulders. The soldiers underground, as tenderly as possible, then pull their wounded comrade into the trench.

The place of refuge, or sheltered spot within the firing zone, is simply



a place where the wounded assemble. No surgeons are stationed here, simply *auxiliaires* and stretcher-bearers. They take the soldier to the first medical line—so to speak, the first-aid stations. Here, again, the treatment is merely incidental. Many of the slightly wounded are quickly patched up and sent back to the firing line. The more seriously wounded have their wounds carefully dressed and sterilized and are arranged in groups for transportation to the field hospital. But the first-aid stations have one responsibility that towers above all others: that is, to fortify the injured against what has always been one of the greatest horrors of warfare—tetanus.

In the early days, especially after the battle of the Marne, there were thousands of cases of tetanus in both the French and the German armies. Now, however, there are practically no cases of this disease. The *auxiliaires*, really undergraduate medical students who preside over the first-aid stations, have little hypodermic syringes, which they dip in a colorless fluid, injecting the contents into each wounded soldier's body. This anti-tetanic serum stops the disease—it is, in a way, the greatest medical triumph of the war. We have had this wonderful fluid for several years, but this is the first opportunity we have had to use it on a large scale. This is because the serum is not a curative, like anti-toxin, but a preventive. Once the tetanus bacillus has

gained headway in the body, the serum has no value; but if the body can be fortified with it in advance, it prevents the disease in practically every instance. The surgeon's opportunity lies in the fact that there is a considerable period of incubation. If every man, woman, and child in civil life who received a dirty wound from a nail, a Fourth-of-July firecracker, or any other agent, would at once rush to the doctor and get an injection of this serum, tetanus would disappear from the face of the earth.

What Americans Are Doing

AUTOMOBILES, frequently driven by Americans,—the automobile itself almost invariably of American manufacture, for a thorough testing has established that American machines have the greatest value for this kind of work,—take the wounded men from the first-aid station to the field hospital. This is the main medical headquarters. It is located outside the firing line, in a château, a school, or a remodeled factory; or, more commonly still, it consists of a long line of tents. Here the swiftly moving white-clad nurses stand ready to receive their charges, and the field surgeons again take up their patient search for the blood-poisoning microbes.

Dr. Alexis Carrel's hospital is the most advantageously placed of all those in France. It occupies Rond Royal Hotel

at Compiègne, a few miles from the firing line. The Rockefeller Institute of New York and the French government jointly support this establishment. It is more than a hospital: it is an experimental laboratory. Besides having accommodations for sixty patients, whose welfare is constantly attended to by Madame Carrel, it has its research laboratories and its quarters for animal experimentation. By special direction of the French government, only the severest cases are sent here.

Dr. H. D. Dakin, of the Herter Laboratory in New York, has had charge of the search for the indispensable antiseptic for the first year of the war. Dr. Dakin experimented with 130 substances before he found the one that apparently satisfied all needs. Sir Almroth Wright, the great English bacteriologist, after spending much time on the same problem, has concluded that no antiseptic serves the present needs, and has recommended other methods, too technical for description here. The work of Dr. Carrel and

Dr. Dakin, however, disproves this contention. Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, the American navy surgeon sent abroad to inspect hospital work, has reported that the Dakin antiseptic is a great success. This method, when properly carried out, he says, will usually sterilize a wound in from three to four days. He notes that there are few amputations in the hospitals where the Dakin fluid is used.



Her Jail-Bird

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Illustrations by Harvey Emrich

I'VE lived in Salerno, Illinois, more years than I care to count up. I know Salerno through and through. And I will say right here that that proud old stagnant river town is crammed as full of romance as an egg is of meat. But, of all the stories that Salerno ever told me, the queerest and the dearest and the most exasperating is the story of Miss Felicia Stafford and her jail-bird.

Miss Felicia Stafford was the last gracious flower of Salerno's one and only royal family. She and her little dim Aunt Selina lived in the grand old Stafford place, away up the highest bluff. Eighty years ago, old Judge Stafford, Felicia's grandfather, had built that house. When he died, Professor Felix Stafford, his only son, ruled in his stead. And Salerno folk bowed down to Felix Stafford's wisdom, and his fame among the learned of the land, just as they'd bowed down to the Judge's wealth and splendid rectitude.

But Felix Stafford, for all his knowledge, had no more plain gumption than a three-days' gosling. He mooned through life with his eminent nose in a book, and let his lawyers control his properties. They controlled 'em, all right. By 1884, when Miss Felicia was born, I reckon half the old Judge's holdings had slipped away—though the half that was left was plenty, for that matter. Two years later, Felix Stafford and his meek little wife were both dead. Miss Felicia, aged two, was left alone with her name and her state and her crumbling inheritance.

AS the last Stafford, she was all the more the queen. Not a soul in Salerno but loved her, revered her, almost—though nobody ever knew her, any more than you'd know a marble statue on its pedestal. She was a pale, shy, serious little girl, who grew up a pale, shy, stately woman. She was as fair as a lily, with brown, clear eyes, and brown-gold hair, folded like satin on her lovely head.

She did not go into society much. Once a year she opened her house and gave a great reception to all Salerno, with flowers and an orchestra and a marvelous supper sent up from St. Louis, all as grand as the balls the old Judge used to give his friends.

She'd be dressed for it, too, in a wonderful new gown, with her mother's pearls on her white neck, and her grandmother's diamonds glittering like hoar-frost in her brown hair. But when the ball was over, she'd step back into her quiet aloof life.

But, all of a sudden, the town's dull days were rent as by an earthquake: the Bellamy scandal.

NOW, Colonel Bellamy, that strutting old fighting-cock, ranked himself as lordly an aristocrat as old Judge Stafford himself. But between the Staffords and the Bellamys there was a great gulf fixed. The Bellamys had come up from Mississippi five or six years before, a hard riding, blustering crew of three—the last of the fire-eaters, my nephew Augustus called them: the Colonel, a red-faced, swaggering old bully; Roderick, his older son, and his image; and Richard. Richard was a superb youngster, a great brawny six-footer, with flashing black eyes, and a thatch of black hair, and a laugh that would charm the birds off the bushes.

He'd turn out the wildest of the three, so vowed Salerno gossips. But he was the only one of the three that ever turned his hand to anything useful. He loved tools and machinery. He fitted up a workshop in the carriage-house, and spent half his time there. The Colonel was mightily ashamed of his boy's hobby, too. "I've reared my sons to be gentlemen, suh! he used to bellow. "Yet, by Jove, suh, my Dick has the tastes of a mechanic!"

The Colonel bought Carruthers' Folly, a magnificent ramshackle old palace away across town from the Stafford place. There he and his boys kept open house to Salerno's smart set. And Salerno's smart set, righteously shocked at their roistering hospitalities, accepted none the less.

The Colonel went the pace at a rapid clip. Apoplexy struck him down at sixty-three. A month later, Roderick went out

like a candle, with pneumonia. That left Richard, at twenty-two, alone. The death of his father and brother hit the boy hard. He quit all his gay company. He tore around the country on horseback, or shut himself up in his tool-shop days on end. Presently he sent away the servants, and he lived alone in that great echoing house. He did his own cooking, even. He hardly spent a cent. Folks wondered and whispered and surmised. Finally it all came out, with a bang.

The spendthrift old Colonel had run through all his property except his partnership in a big drainage company. Along that fall came the panic of 1907. That company went on the rocks with the first gust. The other partner promptly scooped up all the firm's money and lit out for Australia. Richard Bellamy found himself not only penniless, but saddled with the company's enormous debts. For assets he had Carruthers' Folly, a couple of rusty steam-shovels, a leaky old flat-boat, and his riding horse. That was all.

THE creditors brought suit at once. Day after day, Richard Bellamy, young, ignorant, bewildered, sat in stuffy court-rooms, and heard himself abused and his dead father maligned.

Ayres, the chief attorney, seemed to delight in hectoring the boy.

But one day Ayres went a step too far. One flouting gibe against the dead man's word, and young Richard's last bond snapped. They said he sprang on Ayres like a tiger. Before they could drag him off, he'd beaten the life nigh out of him.

Ayres didn't die. In three weeks he was up; in six weeks he'd hauled Richard into court again, and had him sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, for assault to kill.

All Salerno batted on excitement those days. All Salerno, that is, except Miss Felicia. She was down East, that winter,

for a long visit. She came home only a day or so before Richard was sentenced.

However, that very morning she drove downtown in her phaeton, her little dim aunt by her side. The horses were young and skittish; Miss Felicia had her hands full. As she reached Court-house Square, the crowd was pouring out, staring and whispering. Richard's trial was just ended. Richard himself, his head flung high, his black eyes afire, was coming down the steps, the sheriff at his side.

People were swarming like ants. Miss Felicia stopped her horses to let the crowd pass. The team danced and curveted. Just then a motor-cycle whizzed up the road. Both horses leaped straight into the air. The reins were snatched from her hands. The horses reared, plunged, started to bolt.

The crowd stood still, horror-struck. All but Richard Bellamy. He sprang down the steps, dashed across the lawn, and caught the horses' heads. Twice they threw him to the pavement; but he never loosened his grip. Before they could run twenty yards, he had dragged them to a standstill.

Everybody was screaming and wailing and spluttering—everybody but Miss Felicia and Richard himself. Miss Felicia, quite white and dazed, gathered up the broken reins. Richard, whiter than she was, spattered with mud from head to foot, gave her a curt bow, then strode away. A moment more, and Miss Felicia had driven up the hill and away. And Richard Bellamy had crossed the street to the jail.

FIVE years, it was, before Richard came back. Those years had passed uneventfully for Salerno, but they had branded Richard deep. He wasn't a boy any longer. He was a man of twenty-eight, and he looked fifty. His black eyes had dulled, his feet shuffled, his voice held a furtive tremor. Even his big, splendid body was sunken. He hadn't a thing left, except his leaky old boats, and Carruthers' Folly, so ramshackle now that you couldn't give it away. He slept up there, and wandered around town day-times, looking for a job. But nobody would give him a job.